Daily Eagle
W. R. MURDOCK, Editor.

Look Out for a Collapse.

The stock and bond market has taken on a speculative gait, and in running wild there is danger of a collapse, if, indeed, such a disaster is not inevitable. Men are growing rich over night, a thing that cannot last indefinitely. Values are not created by market quotations. Clews and Dun in their last week reports sound the alarm which they may repeat in the dispatches of this morning. All kinds of stocks have advanced, much of it from fifty to a hundred per cent. The value of stock is its dividend-paying capacity, not in discounting the future or on estimates based on the bright prospects of these better times. Money being plenty, interest is going down and a stock that is paying a five per cent dividend is probably worth full face value or one hundred cents on the dollar. But all these new trusts and combines now being organized under New Jersey laws are not going to prove so economical of management of existing concerns as to double their dividend-paying capacity. The stock exchange of New York goes wild every day. This, in not being business, means a crash sooner or later, and it may prove so disastrous as to cause a widespread panic. Wealth is not made but it is produced. That is, the Pop doctrine that the world can print itself rich is fallacious. No bond is safe that represents more than the security upon which it is based will sell for. Watered stocks are but a discount on possibilities, not on probabilities. So the present owners of and dealers in these suddenly advanced stocks will be unloading, and as a rule it will be the small investor who will be ruined. While no doubt many trusts are enormously profitable for the owners of the stocks and bonds, these trusts will sooner or later commence to entrench upon each other's preserves, and then look out. Everything in this world, in being reciprocal, is self-regulating, in the end. Trusts and combined corporations are bound to cut each other's throats in time, when individual enterprise will again come to its own. A trust will not last a minute longer than it remains profitable, and a non-dividend-paying corporation is bound to go into the hands of the court's receiver for liquidation, the bond and stock owner being left to hold the bag. Industrials, so-called, have undoubtedly advanced because of the general increase of values, but surely not fifty and one hundred per cent. Hence the inevitable slump and consequent disaster.

Officers From the Big Seventh.

Much is being said about the Big Seventh district getting too much in the way of official patronage. It will be remembered that in 1896 this district polled 56,855 votes, that it covers a territory of about 150 miles square, or about one-fourth of the state, and the politician who builds the political fences in this vast scope of country must be a hustler, and submit to all the inconveniences of the methods of travel and accommodations; that he has a veritable picnic, compared with the man who rides in comfortable coaches and stops at the first class hotels of the eastern part of the state during the campaign. It is true that three state officers have been nominated by the people from the Seventh district, but all but one has been selected from the extreme eastern line of the district and can not be considered western Kansas men; but every state official, save one, including appointments, have been taken from eastern or middle Kansas, and this leaves the greater southwest absolutely without representation in the state administration. This thing of the Big Seventh holding together and getting the earth is all bosh. Two United States senators and a congressman-at-large in the First district, with its 41,000 votes, does not prevent it from receiving a United States judge, and many state officials in addition. But when three state officials are named from the Seventh and the legislature selects a state printer from the same district, located, too, on the extreme east end, at once the cry goes up that the Seventh is getting too much. But with all this the great southwest remains without representation, though its people come to every state convention and go back and support the state ticket with a loyalty born of intense fidelity to their party, only to see all appointments go with a regular and painful persistency back beyond the east line of the west half of the state. After the question of fitness only, should come the question of a fair representation to the southwest, in the councils of the state. The southwest is a portion of the state which has its own needs, and but few, if any, of the present state officers know what these needs are. In justice to this section of the state some of the men from the extreme west should be at Topeka.

Three Newspaper Men in Manila.

Taken in connection with other circumstances, the appointment of E. W. Harden, a Chicago newspaper man, as secretary of the Philippine commission, would seem to indicate that there was something in the atmosphere of Manila last spring that attracted men of genius from the United States. The same invisible force that drew Dewey from a list of commodores, each of whom was as conspicuous as he, also drew to Manila three newspaper men, whose deeds have since merited the praise not only of their employers, but of Admiral Dewey and the United States government. Joseph L. Stickney, once a Detroit newspaper man, volunteered as Dewey's aid, and standing on the bridge of the Olympia during the battle of Manila, rendered service for which he was honorably mentioned by the admiral in his report. John T. McCutcheon, as the correspondent of the Chicago Record, cabled the first realistic account of the battle to the United States. Dewey himself set the seal of his approval on Mr. McCutcheon's description of the battle, and reports from Manila say that Admiral Dewey has a very high regard for Mr. McCutcheon's ability and his character as a man.

Mr. Harden, who has just been appointed secretary of the Philippine commission, was deputized by the treasury department, a few weeks after the battle of May 1, to investigate the financial and commercial conditions of the islands. His report therein contained so much important information, and was compiled so intelligently, that Secretary Gage saw fit to praise Mr. Harden very highly in his annual report to the president. The fact that Mr. Harden is about to return to Manila on another mission for the government is ample evidence that his ability is recognized and his services appreciated by the administration.

The Wonders of Omdurman.

A writer in the National Review in the course of an interesting description of Omdurman, says the first glance of the city gives an impression of squalor, because no one dared show openly any evidence of wealth or comfort; and those who built fine, large houses invariably surrounded them with a squalid mud wall, ten to twenty feet high, against which the poorer people and slaves built lean-to huts on the outside. But walk in, and you perceive at once that these Taaisha Baggaras, whose childhood must have been spent in tending their flocks in the open, and in wet and dry weather, had a very good idea of luxurious comfort and wide verandaed houses. Building went on incessantly, each emir outbuilding the other. The crowning effort was the Khalifa's own masonry wall, which he built to inclose, as within a prison, all his fighting emirs, his special soldiery, armory and grain stores. This is a solid wall, four feet thick, fifteen feet high, over three miles in length, and with only five doorways in it. It is magnificently built, and the labor of bringing the blocks of hard stone and mortar from a distance must have been prodigious. It took the whole population, working from sunrise to sunset, over three years to build, and it is not quite completed, as there is a gap of a hundred yards left between the Khalifa's house and the Beit el Amona (arsenal). Yet, having built this wall, and knowing full well that, after Firket, we meant to come on, he did not put up a banquette inside—so his men could not shoot at us from behind this veritable fortification.

To Irrigate a Million Acres.

The salt river of the political world runs through every state. But the Salt river of actual fact runs—at least during the winter months—in Arizona. In that lively territory, which needs only irrigation to blossom like the traditional rose, a project is under way to construct the greatest storage reservoir in the world in order to save for irrigation purposes the floods of water which now go to waste in winter in the Salt river valley.

At the head of the canyon where the river emerges from the mountain country it is proposed to build a dam, thus creating a lake which will cover eighteen square miles to a depth of from 100 to 200 feet. It will be necessary to build a dam 200 feet high and some 600 feet in length at the top, although the canyon is only 200 feet wide for the first 100 feet from the bottom. Already legal rights have been granted by the territorial legislature to a company which is undertaking a work that will cost at least $2,500,000. But it is estimated that fully a million acres of land will be available for farming through the great irrigation which it is intended to provide, through drawing from the stored-up waters of the winter freshets. The valley of the real Salt river in Arizona at present arid half the year may yet become famous for fertility and productiveness, and the enterprise will pay the promoters, too.

Wasn't Born to Die That Way.

The newspapers of Christendom haven't forgotten Li Hung Chang. The old minister of yellow jackets and peacock feathers is now upwards of 78 years of age. An American has made public an account of Chang's attempted assassination at the time he was making the peace treaty with Japan, three years ago, when he was shot at as he was returning from a meeting with Count Ito. This American did not see the shot fired, but was present and assisted in getting Li Hung Chang into the palace occupied by the Chinese and assisted the doctors—a Frenchman, Dr. Depasse, and a Chinaman, Dr. Lin, who had been educated in the United States. The bullet lodged in Li Hung Chang's head. The doctors probed for it unsuccessfully, and fearing that the probing might of itself prove fatal, desisted and gave their efforts to stop the bleeding and to build up the system. They found that the great Chinaman stood the shock well, and was so much improved by the third day that they decided to stop searching for the bullet. It remains in Li Hung Chang's head to this day. The serious nature of the wound did not prevent the old man from going on with his work. He kept at it and completed the treaty despite all that could be done to make him turn over the negotiations to others.

He Painted Kaiser Wilhelm's Home.

In aristocratic Germany an artist has won a prize heretofore reserved for warriors and statesmen. Adolf Menzel, the octogenarian painter of Hohenzollern glories, has received for a New Year's gift the order of the Black Eagle, the highest decoration in the gift of the Kaiser. No artist before him had ever received such an honor in Germany. "This highest honor ever bestowed on an artist," says the Kaiser modestly, "is intended to be a mark of my thankfulness for the services he has rendered to my house by his art, and an incentive to the disciples of the art of painting to likewise follow in the path trodden by Menzel and to strive to do as he has done."

Let Dewey Settle Samoa.

The discovery of the fact that Germany is actively mixing in the troubles in the far east ought to be followed by an order to Dewey to look into the matter. His peculiar diplomacy will soon settle waters stirred by the Germans. He has a way with him in arguing international questions which cannot fail to appeal strongly to the logical German mind. If the administration will authorize him to investigate, with power to take such action as he deems necessary in the premises, the crews of some of the German ships in the far east will sail home in passenger steamers.

To Sing and March and Fight.

Recognizing the good results that accrue from soldiers' singing when on the march, the minister of war of England has just ordered 25,000 books of patriotic songs as an experiment. These will be distributed to the men in infantry regiments, and classes for singing will be instituted in the barracks. A similar experiment, made in France by General Poillye, of St. Mars, has been attended with marked success, the number of stragglers on the march being reduced by 70 per cent, owing to the singing.

Plenty of Money in Cuba.

Cuba is soon going to have enough money on hand to begin business on her own account. United States officials who have been in charge of the customs houses and collections of revenues since the American occupation of the island report that $900,000 is on hand and more is coming in every day. It is evident that the United States could advance the Cubans $40,000,000 and get it back in a reasonable time by taking a lien upon the customs receipts for security.

As between Alger and Miles, the country will eventually line up with Alger, whatever his faults. France presents a beautiful example of the domination of the military after it has the upper hand of the civic.

If any one thinks that General Miles will retire from the present row creditably, he might as well write himself down as mistaken. The man who starts a row never comes out of it unscarred.

A good many of the Southern senators said in Washington Thursday that the civil war had ended at Appamattox. Butler withdrew his bill pensioning ex-Confederates. And that settles that.

Eagan will plead temporary insanity or temporary nervousness. Still, the chances are that if Eagan had an opportunity to live the past month over again he would not alter his conduct.

During all this discussion and caterwauling President McKinley is still firing troops into the Philippines. Perhaps he doesn't know what he is doing, but it isn't safe to bet that way.

It is too bad Miles and Eagan are not private citizens and living in the same ward. A primary election would then settle the whole tear-saturated affair.

Oklahoma wants statehood and will probably get it, but she should not beguile herself with the fancy that it costs less to run a state than it does a territory.

We need not trouble ourselves with Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo is an ingrate and there is a grinding law of retribution which never fails to attend to ingrates.

Railroad stocks are going wild; wheat is climbing up hand over hand and old General Prosperity is getting ready to take another tour in the west.

Grosvenor wants to know if anybody is willing to tear the Dewey page from American history. Well, one, Jerry Simpson.

Agoncillo has advised Aguinaldo to avoid hostilities with the Americans as long as possible. That is pretty sound advice.

If wheat continues to climb, as seems probable, the jeweler will be called upon to put the Kansas wheat field in a setting.

Wheat is getting wild again. Take a club and stand guard over your pocketbook.

Wheat is going up again and the only mystery about it is the absence of Leiter.

The Artist's Dream.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Ralph Thorndyke was possessed of a dreamy, poetic nature, far beyond the ordinary. He owned a pretty photographic studio, and his business was congenial to his artistic temperament; there was so much in it to cultivate love of the beautiful.

He had reached the age of 27, "heart whole and fancy free," or apparently so to his friends. Today is his birthday, and he isthinking intently of a realistic dream of the night just passed. Just a year ago a vision came to him; a face not beautiful, but strong and earnest and sweet. She appeared to him in a portrait which he seemed to be looking at. The light brown hair was in natural waves over a smooth forehead, and the calm, steadfast eyes were of a deeper hue.

Now, a year later, the same face had again appeared; and Ralph is thinking of the message that came to him. "Patience, one more year, and I will come to you." He finally awoke from his reverie and started for his studio; on the way he picked up a package from the sidewalk. Soon reaching his cosy little office, he opened it, to find two photographs by Sarony in a folding frame; one was a draped figure, the right hand raised to the forehead, the face profile, the other, ah! the same true brown eyes which had haunted him for a year! The brown hair, with golden tints in the high lights; the fair complexion, deepening into a wild rose pink on her rounded cheek. The photo was beautifully painted in water color, and lifelike. The artist soon made copies of both pictures and took his plates into the darkroom to develop, with good results.

Toward night a little urchin stuck his head in the door and shouted: "Journal!"

"Here, boy," said Ralph, "never mind the change," as he flung his a nickel. He read the nws, then glanced at the advertisements. Under "Lost and Found" appeared the following:

LOST—Two photos of lady, in a folding gold frame, between Wellington st. and postoffice. Finder please send to D 570, The Journal.

Ralph sent them to the address named, congratulating himself that he posssessed such satisfactory copies, and resolved to enlarge the profile for himself. It was a labor for love, to work on it day by day, and a most beautiful work of art it was when finally finished. Time went on apace; another year, with its pleasures and trials, has passed.

About 11 o'clock next day the electric bell rang "three rings," a signal that a subject was ready to be posed; it was the work of a moment to put the negative for exposure into the plate-holder.

As Ralphp walked toward the camera what he saw took his breath away. The vision of his dreams! The same womanly face, the graceful form!

The pleasant voice of a well-known society woman broke in: "Allow me, Mr. Thorndyke, to present my friend, Miss Marion Beane, to you and your best effort in art." The artist bowed, expressing himself the best he could, with such a whirling brain as pleased to favor him.

He posed her, then she went to the dressing room to don another costume; her friend, Mrs. Claremont, chatted with RRalph, saying: "I'm so glad that you two have ment today. Marion is so romaantic; would you believe it? She is waiting for an ideal; she believes that everyone possesses half a soul, that somewhere in the world the other half is waiting to be recognized and claimed; if the two halves join, then is the union perfect and two lives made happy, otherwise unhappiness and discord result from the ill-assorted union of two people.

Two years ago she went into a trance or sleep at midnight while at Newport, nearly frightening every one out of their wits. She came out of it, however, in a few hours; a year ago the same thing occurred at the same hour, while she was visiting me. She returned to her home the next morning and lost two photos of herself, made in New York. I advertised the loss and received them the next day." Marion's appearancce at this time put a stop to further confidence, and Ralph had all he could do to control himself to be the artist.

When the ladies were about to go he said: "I would like to have you ladies visit my sanctum sanctorum," to which they gave glad assent.

When they entered the door Marion gave a violent start, for, facing the entrance was her own figure in life size; under the portrait the words, "Looking into the future." She blushed, then turned pale, and her eyes met RRalph's with something like recognition. Mrs. Claremont saw that there was something in the air and retired gracefully from the office with a remark about some errand that must be attended to immediately.

RRalph advanced toward Marion and, taking her hand, said: "I was the fortunate finder of your photos and have had this portrait for my daily companion a year. May I hope in the future to possess the original? We have in reality known each other two years and need not measure time in the conventional way; I feel that I possess your soul's mate. Is it not true?"

Marion gave him a glance full of faith and trust, saying: "Even so my heart is yours." It is needless to add that Marion never went into another trance. What could it be? Did her soul leave its earthly surroundings to seek its mate? She believes that it did, and found it, too.—Boston Post.

The Situation at Madagascar.

We have by no means heard the last of Madagascar. The French have sent out an army of officials. Indeed, the functionnaires far outnumber the civil population, and they are making themselves beloved by none. The law allows one month's forced labor, but the officials are enforcing as much as six months, so the laborers have taken to the bush, and private employers can not get hands to work for them. The taxes are oppressive, and in some cases downright foolish—e. g., an annual tax on every head of cattle and every hectare of rice cultivated. The result is that the cattle are being slaughtered, so that beef is already scarce and dear, while rice, which was formerly exported, has now to be imported. The natives are cutting down the India rubber trees, and the whole country is unsettled. A functionnaire close to Nosat Be tried to force the 12-year-old daughter of a chief to live with him as his concubine, but she succeeded in escaping and raised the country. About nine or ten officials have been killed, and the northwest coast is in more or less open revolt. All the residents agree that if France found herself at war or in difficulties, there would be a general massacre of French officials.

Trade is languishing. The two chief American firms have left or are leaving—i. e., they are merely liquidating old stock. The French have imposed a differential duty which gives French manufacturers an advantage of about 52 per cent. French goods are charged 4 per cent, and English goods 50 per cent of their value. The coasting schooners employed by the large firms to supply their branch trading stations have to come under the French flag by January 1, 1899, and the Germans are sending theirs home rather than submit to this law. Proctors, the English firm, is doing a good business, but only by importing French goods instead of English. Altogether Madagascar furnishes an instructive object lesson in the methods of French colonization, and might repay further study from those who contend that the flag has nothing to do with the trade.—Correspondence London Times.

Thousands upon thousands of persons handle our silver dollars, but few happen to observe the lion's head which lies concealed in the representation of the familiar head of liberty; frequently even a careful examination fails to detect this hidden emblem of British rule, but, as before, when once found, it is quite obvious.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Frank Gillett is among the best, if not the best, presiding officer in Oklahoma.

The council at Guthrie now has nearly forty employes and the constituents are weeping.

The single statehood idea, while not brought directly to an issue, was paramount in the statehood convention.

S. N. Hopkins, territorial auditor and also territorial supeprintendent, receives as compensation for filling both places about $4000 annually.

Jim Diggs of Perry, was present at the statehood convention, but as Tom Doyle kept quiet, Jim muffled his voice and kept peace.

If a legislature is elected under the Haven bill next December it will be a state legislature. And how on earth can it draw its pay?

Biddison of the council is growing to be an idol in Oklahoma. He is a stinger when he gets mad and the Oklahomans like a sharp tongue.

In their letters of regret to the statehood convention Governor Barnes and J. . Callahan both avoided making any utterance favorable to statehood.

The woman suffragists still have the legislature of Oklahoma under surveillance. The legislature will make a mistake if it passes a woman suffrage amendment.

Senator Haven has introduced a bill which takes a crack at the Alva Normal. It provides that "no appropriation shall be made in excess of the amount authorized by law."

Harry Gilstrap, who was secretary of the statehood convention, has been against statehood in his paper and has moulded a sentiment in Lincoln county which is against statehood.

Grimes, Flynn, Barnes and Harper Cunningham, Jake Admire and Ed. Wiggins were not present at the statehood convention. None of them knows what he missed.

At the statehood convention Frank Gillett, in taking votes, tried an innovation by asking delegates to raise their hands. It was not like a Chinese sub-marine painting.

G. W. Schlegel of Chandler, proved in the statehood convention that he will make the orator of the territory if he will practice up a little and sand-paper his most impassioned periods some.

The people of Woods county wil iregret in time the county seat contests which they are slowly edging. There are now five aspirants for the county-seat in that county. Embitter the fight, and there will be bloodshed sure.

The statehood convention requested all the newspapers to publish the reasons set forth four years ago why Oklahoma should be a state. In 1894 a committee of congress recommended that Oklahoma be made a state and published these figures as an appendix to their report.

Bob Neff says of statehood: "As an unorganized territory Oklahoma was led to the mourners' bench, confessed her sins and was taken in on probation. Today she asks to be baptized in the name of Uncle Sam, the Goddess of Liberty and the star-spangled banner and be taken into full membership of the church of statehood."

T. J. Leahy, the young orator from the Osage nation, who dwells in his talk a little too much on the "richness of his people," wants to be a delegate to the legislature and the lower house is now considering his petition. Tom Doyle is helping his cause. Postmaster MacGuire of the Pawhuska postoffice, wants to be admitted to the council.

Mulhall Enterprise: One woman in Orlando, who sleeps in a folding bed, has become greatly alarmed at the current stories of their shutting up rather unceremoniously with the sleeping occupants inside. Accordingly every night she straps one side of the bed to the sewing machine and the other side to the dining room table. In this way she sleeps in absolute security, knowing that she and the sewing machine and dining room table can't all get inside of that small compass allowed for the bed when folded up.

Enid Wave: W. R. Dawson, living one mile east of the city on Ham Sawyer's place, found a ladies' Crescent bicycle hurled in a straw stack on his place last Sunday evening. The rats had eaten the cork handles and leather tool boxes which indicated that it had been there for some time. Mr. Dawson turned the bike over to Marshal Thrasher who soon found the owner in a niece of Mrs. McCristy. It seems that during the fair last September the bike was stolen from the front porch of the McCristy home in the south addition to the city. This straw stack business is becoming monotonous, in fact, we believe that a trust should be formed to purchase all the straw stacks in the country. Those that have been examined closely in this county have contained dead men, household goods, clothing, harness, bikes, etc. The Wave believes that this straw stack nest hiding was all done by the same gang for whom rewards are being offered by the territory and county.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Governor Stanley will appoint a United States senator. Mind that.

The lower house at Topeka is trying to make many county offices fee offices again.

Probably the most active politician in Kansas for the ccoming two years will be J. R. Burton.

All opposition to Hook down in Washington has united on Sam Pejers. Horton is out of the race.

John Gilmore has been made penitentiary director. All editors sent up will be given a job in the library.

First Lieutenant Arthur Barnett, a colored boy from Atchison, died at the Kansas headquarters, San Luis, Santiago de Cuba, this week.

The people of the Methodist church of Fort Scott expelled the mayor of the town because he would not try to suppress the joints.

There is said to be an enormous increase in the number of cattle in Kansas this winter over last winter, an increase of 200,000 head.

A scheme on the judgeship has been put up down in Washington which will result in J. R. Burton biting Cy. Leland the first time Burton meets him.

In the legislature up to the present time 443 bills have been introduced, ample evidence that a legislature, like the Bourbons, never learns anything.

George R. Peck, in an address at Topeka, urged the lawyers to take an interest in politics. No comment on this, except exclamation points, is possible.

Winfield would like appropriations for additions to her Imbecile asylum, which will put a decidedly green cast in the bright eyes of her neighbor Wellington.

The state senate has ninety-five employes on its pay rolls, most of them relatives of the senators. The clerk cinch in legislatures is becoming worse and worse.

A man in the Kansas legislature has introduced a bill to abolish wagon ruts by widening the tires. This is the onward march of the bicycle, and this bill is its Italian handle-bar.

J. R. Coleman, the Fort Scott banker who wrecked his concern, will get out of the penitentiary this spring. The people of Fort Scott say they do not want him to return to that town.

The Populist senate will hold up all Stanley's appointments by refusing confirmation, and will refuse him appropriations unless the Republicans permit pay for the special session of the legislature.

A. P. Riddle of Minneapolis, takes it for granted that Tomlinson of the same place will be appointed warden as reported, and that the wind is all out of the possibility of himself being made commissioner of insurance.

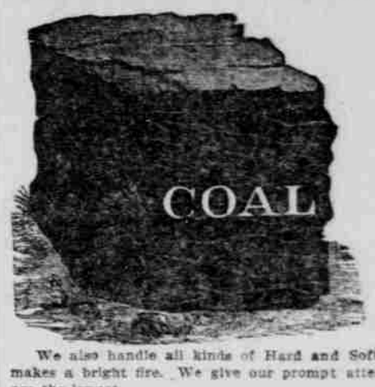
"Hello! Is this the Eagle business office?"

"It is."

"Please take out that 'For Rent' of mine—this is ———. 'Twas in Sunday morning's Eagle. I am worn out answering that ad—I will have to stop business until this thing stops!"

...MORAL:

Try our Want Column—six words to a line—three cents a line.



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You can just as well have Dishes of beautiful design as plain ones—they cost no more.

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Winter there is balmier and more inspiriting than a flawless day of spring in the East. It is perfect weather.

This, joined to the countless other charms of that idyllic region, explains why so many thousand tourists have already gone there this season, and why everybody should go who can afford it.

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CHICAGO.

SAPOLIO

LIKE A GOOD TEMPER SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVEPYWHERE.

The bill demanding of the attorney general that he swoop down on the Supreme Court and make it show the eastern line of Kansas over a half mile, has been introduced. Wyandotte county is furnishing the steam for this scheme.

The house at Topeka has finally asked congress to refuse admission to Polygamist Roberts. But there was a great fight on the proposition, which shows how Kansas is withdrawing more and more from the management of the universe.

Milt Brown of Garden City thinks he will be appointed insurance commissioner next week. The appointment carries with it the nomination next year and that will make another state office for the Seventh district, provided of course Milt Brown gets it, which is decidedly doubtful.

Norris Kerr West, who has just died at Franklin, N. Y., at the age of 41 years, was one of John Brown's defenders in the fight at Ossawatomie. He came into prominence by obtaining some of the type stolen from the office of the Lawrence, Kan., Journal, and melting it into bullets for Brown's Army.

Atchison Globe Talk.

An Atchison girl who has had no trouble since she outgrew the rolls, has a way of looking plaintively into the beyond and talking of the grass-grown grave in her heart. When she gets older she will learn that the grass never grows over a grave in the heart. The son whose heart has been mutilated by a grave digging operation isn't satisfied unless the corpse is dug up every few weeks, shaken up, and re-buried. The soil in the average heart is too barren and sour to raise grass, any way. Girls get lots of moonlight on their brains by reading novels.

Thirty silly girls at Emporia lined up at the depot platform the other day expecting to be kissed when Lieutenant Hobson passed through. He was not on the train, but there are other men in the world, and some of them happened to be at the depot. They knew the girls came there to be kissed, and accordingly kissed them. Hobson is making the kiss more disgusting than it already is.